

## MANY HOUSES ARE DEMOLISHED

Earthquake Is Felt Principally at Naples, Potenza, Calitri, Benevento and Foggia—Numerous Persons Wounded.

Naples, June 8.—A few minutes past three o'clock in the morning the people of Naples were aroused by two distinct undulatory shocks which lasted 15 seconds. Seized with panic, the people rushed into the streets in their night attire, many knocking at doors and shouting: "Earthquake! Earthquake! Fly, save yourselves." The streets of the densely populated Toledo quarter were thronged with half clad men and women carrying babies. All seemed mad with terror. Around the foot of Vesuvius the populace of the coast towns were terrified and the syndics and police had difficulty in calming the people. In the hill villages as far as Benevento the panic was enormous. It is noted the shock happened on the day of the new moon, thus agreeing with the theory that there are "critical days."

One Hundred Dead. It is impossible to give the number of lives lost by the earthquake south and east of Naples in the provinces of Campania and Avellino in southern Italy. Hope is entertained that the number will not exceed 100. At the shocks were principally felt at Naples, Potenza, Calitri, Benevento and Foggia. Calitri suffered the most. The houses are built in a kind of large amphitheatre on one side of a hill. The shocks brought them down crashing upon one another, the huge mass of debris sliding to the bottom of the slope. In this mound of wreckage search is now going for the dead and wounded and 15 bodies and numerous wounded persons have been extricated.

American Missionaries Attacked. American missionaries visiting Calitri, considered by some superstitious fanatics to be responsible for the disaster, were attacked by villagers and rescued by soldiers. It is feared the number of dead at Avellino will number 50. The population is living in the open air.

While the southern part of the peninsula has been afflicted by a tremor, killing at least 100 persons, injuring 200 more and leveling several towns, the vast region of Sardinia, the largest island in the Mediterranean other than Sicily, was ravaged by a cyclone.

## DANCING MASTER IS "EGGED"

Village Youth Shower Teacher, Accused of "Spiking" Punch at High School Ball.

Cadiz, June 8.—Citizens of Cadiz have been somewhat excited over an "egg shower" administered to W. D. Lynch, a dancing teacher, who had been giving instructions to a class here for several weeks. Lynch's home is in New Philadelphia. The action came as a result of the teacher being charged with having placed a "spike" in the punch served at the annual high school commencement dance. Threats since had been heard against Lynch and at night a large number of young men of the village lay in wait for him. As he left the hall he was treated to a shower of discarded "incubators."

## FAVOR CENTRAL BANK IDEA

Cleveland Approves, While Cincinnati Man Condemns, at Ohio Convention.

Columbus, June 8.—At their concluding sessions, members of the Ohio State Bankers' association adopted resolutions warmly commending the enactment of the 1 1/2 per cent tax levy limit law. The bankers went on record in favor of an amendment to the national banking act to authorize national banks to make loans on real estate mortgage security and in favor of a state clearing house or group of clearing houses to act in financial panics. J. J. Sullivan of Cleveland in an address favored a central bank of issue and Morris M. White of Cincinnati opposed the project.

## Old Couple Wed.

Ada, June 8.—Mrs. Jennie McCoubrey, 72, a well-to-do widow, handed her friends a stunner in the June wedding line by her marriage to D. H. Osman, also 72, of Lawrenceville, Ill. They became acquainted through a matrimonial agency, but had never seen each other until four days before their marriage. Mrs. Osman was married once before and Osman three times. Mrs. Osman has lived in Hardin county most of her life. She spends her summers on her farm of 160 acres near Ada.

## Minister Found Dead on Train.

Toledo, June 8.—Rev. C. A. Hallberg, 49, pastor of a Swedish Lutheran church at Sheffield, Pa., was found dead in a seat on a Lake Shore train near here. He had complained of illness an hour previously.

## Keith Invades Toledo.

Toledo, O.—B. F. Keith, head of the Keith vaudeville circuit, has finally gained an entrance into Toledo. Keith will have his own theatre in this city. He has been trying to put the deal through ever since his one-year season at the Valentine theatre three years ago. A building, constructed for Keith's purposes, is to be erected on St. Clair street near Madison avenue.

## Fugitives Put at Hard Labor.

Columbus, O.—The trial of Albert Smith and Bert Frazer, two prisoners who escaped from the penitentiary and were captured in Cleveland, was held in the court room at that institution. The two men lost all of the privileges which they held before making their flight and also lost all of the good marks they had gained. Both men will now be put at hard labor. The men have been in solitary confinement since being returned to the institution and neither has consented to talk concerning the escape.

Celling cards—Dispatch office.

## A Hero of Romance.

By Laurence Livingston.

He was a mystery. That is all the neighbors except one—gay, foolish Gennie Hanson. She saw the handsome Mystery the day he rented and moved into the haunted Withers' homestead, about a mile from her father's farmhouse. This house bore an ill name, and no one had occupied it since old man Withers was found dead, with his throat cut. Since then there were those who said his ghost came back to show where he had hidden his money, but as he never made over fifty cents a month, over and above mere living expenses, the more sensible paid no attention to such stories. Evidently the new renter was not bothered by ghosts, although he did not try to be sociable and get acquainted, and so the people just let him alone, all except Gennie.

The girl was only seventeen, and had no mother, and the man appeared wonderfully handsome to her, with his flashing dark eyes, jet black hair, and pink and white complexion, covered with a profusion of black beard and a long, drooping mustache. His voice was soft and low, his hands long and slender, and his fingers pointed, while his figure, although lacking in height, was slender and elegant. Of course, she was taken with his fine clothes, and his manners, which seemed perfect to the innocent little country girl, who had never been more than thirty miles away from her home in all her life. Oh, yes, and such a contrast to honest Abram Hoover, who had been taking her about ever since they were children together. Young Hoover's father adjoined her father's on the other side of the Withers' homestead, and it was understood that Gennie and he were to be married.

After she saw the Mystery, however, Gennie was very restless, and several times slipped away to wander along the road passing the Withers' homestead, hoping to see the stranger. One day she was startled at having her wish gratified, for a low, sweet voice said gently on her left:

"I wonder if I can ask a favor of you."

Gennie turned and saw the Mystery standing by her side.

"What do you want?" she asked rather abruptly, being considerably startled.

"I want some small change. Could you break a ten for me?" and as he spoke, the Mystery took a crisp ten dollar bill from his heavily embossed card case, and as he did so Gennie thought of the day Abram jabbed his bill down in his hip pocket. It happened she had considerable change with her for she paid all the bills for her father, and bought the things they needed at the little town eight miles away. Therefore, it was with pride, that she drew a chamomile skin bag from its resting place in her gown, and counted out in small change the equivalent of the ten dollars.

"How pretty new money looks," she said, caressing the crisp note.

"Think so? I have several of them, for I like new money myself, but I find it difficult to get change, and as I have no conveyance, I suppose I will have to hire some one to make my purchases."

The soft apple blossom color spread over the fair young face, and a pair of gentle blue eyes were raised to the dark ones, as Gennie stammered:

"If you trust me—I—"

"Trust you, my blue-eyed beauty," half whispered the Mystery. "I would trust you with everything I possess," then added aloud:

"Rest here a few minutes, it is a delightful spot," leading her toward a break in the orange hedge, where wild roses rain riot, and wild morning glories rustled their tiny bells in warning, but the sweet, full girl did not heed. His half whispered words had set her heart on fire, and Gennie felt she loved the man she had barely spoken to.

For half an hour the two sat and talked, the handsome man of the world refraining from frightening the innocent girl by any mad protestations, but making ardent love nevertheless.

"I am scientist, darling," he said softly. "No, do not stop me. I have to say what my heart keeps repeating. I came here for quiet in order to work out a problem. I am afraid of others discovering my secret. If I could impose upon you," and he let the full fire of his eyes, which few women had been able to resist, fall upon her own.

Gennie put forth two trembling, eager little hands, crying earnestly:

"Tell me what I can do?"

"Do you ever go marketing?"

"Several times a week," and she searched the handsome face bending over hers.

"I wonder if you would buy for me what I need in the way of food, and some chemicals?"

"Of course I will, and be glad to," Gennie cried, as happy as a bird singing over her head.

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow."

Under the heavy mustache, the man's lips curved in a smile, which disclosed strong, square, white teeth. He knew that she had gone on her semi-weekly trip the day before.

"Then I will, with your permission, impose upon you," he said, suavely, and Gennie, clapping her hands cried:

"Do, please do."

His instructions were concise, and yet simple. She was to buy him a few groceries, and several articles at the different drug stores, and after giving her his lists, he continued:

"You say you like fresh looking money. I do, too. If I ever marry my wife shall never use any other."

Gennie blushed vividly at the way in which he said these words. "Here are four tens. Do your own shopping out of them, as well as mine. Instead of using your own money, and give me the change."

Gennie looked delighted. It would be charming to go about the little town, and instead of scraping pennies together, to lay down a ten-dollar bill.

She was recalled from her musing, by his soft voice:

"Then I am not imposing, really?"

"Indeed you are not."

"Then I will not detain you any longer," the Mystery returned, springing gracefully to his feet, and reaching out his hand, assisted her to get up. Gennie thought that Abram would have caught her up in his great strong arms and lifted her up. How much more elegant the stranger was any way. Then she thought of the time Abram had risked his life to save her from a bull, and how safe she had been in those big, strong arms of his, and felt ashamed.

With a courtly gesture, the Mystery raised his hat, and the girl went home very slowly, her heart beating wildly, and her foolish little brain filled with glorious visions of a golden future.

The following day, she gladly carried out his commissions, and spent a delightful hour, in the gap in the hedge, which surrounding trees hid from the road. After that hour she lived in some strange world, apart from those whom she knew and had loved. Not only did she go to the adjoining town, but to one twenty miles away, to buy various articles for the man she loved so dearly, and at times sending off express packages for him as well.

This continued for three months, no one but the faithful Abram noticing any change in the girl. To him the brilliant color, dreamy eyes, and preoccupied air meant something was amiss. He did not resent her refusal to allow him any of the familiarities he had been accustomed to from her infancy, for he thought it showed that the girl was growing into a woman, and that soon he could claim his wife, but he feared her health was being undermined, as indeed it was.

One evening, when she had ridden horseback across country to a spot in a little piece of timber back of the haunted house, to meet the Mystery, she heard something which took the very blood from her heart.

"My darling," the man said slowly, as though loth to hurt her, "I have something to say which will make you sorry for a minute."

"What is it?" she cried, clinging to him.

"I am going to leave here to-morrow."

"Going to leave here?" she repeated, blankly.

"I have solved my secret, but darling, I have done something else, I have found my bride," he whispered, his lips close to her ear.

Once more the bright color flamed in the young face, which looked older, and sadder. Then Gennie said wearily:

"How can I live without you?"

"I do not intend that you shall," was his prompt answer. "Listen now, and let me tell you all my plans. To-morrow, you drive along the lower road, and I will meet you at the further bridge. It is longer, but no one passes that way these days. You can take my baggage then. We will go to Crompton, which I think the grays can make in two hours, and just before we get to town, you know that clump of timber."

"Of course," Gennie answered wearily.

"I will get out there, and you go on in, express my baggage, and then take some money I will give you. Go to one store and buy yourself a wedding ring. And to another jeweler's a chain to wear it on, until I come for my wife. Understand?"

And he drew the slender form closer into his arms.

Just at sunset the following day, Gennie stood beside him in the clump of timber, he had mentioned and the Man of Mystery was pocketing the change from two one hundred dollar bills.

"If you like your trinkets, I am satisfied," he said hastily. "See here, now, by the way, I want my little love to have some money to begin her wedding outfit. Here are five of those crisp tens you think are so nice. Buy whatever you want with them. What I have no right to give you money? You are to be my wife, are you not? Here, sweetheart, and I must run to catch my train. Oh, yes, I can make it for the road is just below. Good by," and wrenching apart the little arms clasped about his neck, the man sprang lightly away, through the trees, and as she hastened after, Gennie saw him swing himself on the rear car of the fast moving train. Then she threw herself flat on the ground and cried until she was faint and weary.

It was long after dark when she reached home that night, but Abram was out searching for her, and her father had been to the nearby town, where he was astonished to see several of his old friends looking strangely at him.

The next day Gennie felt very languid and weary. She was lying in the hammock, trying to spur herself to action, and whispering again and again that he would come back. Thus occupied, she did not notice two men enter the house, nor did she

hear her father calling her. At last she was roused by Abram saying in a low, husky voice:

"Gennie, little girl, listen here. Who was that man that lived at the Withers' place?"

A telltale blush flooded her face leaving it pale as death.

"Do not know," she whispered. "Gen, listen, you knew him?"

"Listen, my poor child. You knew him very well; we neglected you. He had you do buying for him."

"Yes, he did," she said, very sharply.

"What did he give you to buy his things with?"

"Ten dollar bills, nice and crisp."

"Anything else, quick Gen?"

"Yesterday, two one hundred dollar bills."

The young man groaned, then he said rapidly:

"Gen, if you tell everything to the sheriff, who is here, that is, turn state evidence, they will spare you on account of your youth."

"Tell what?"

"All you know about him."

"Why Abram?"

"He is one of the most noted counterfeiters in the country, and is known in New York, Chicago and San Francisco as Smooth Johnny."

Gennie gave a little gasp, but Abram shook her arm briskly.

"Quick, what name did he go by?"

"None at all. He said he had a great secret and that not even to me would he tell that name. Oh, he was to have married me," and she began sobbing bitterly.

"Why, darling," Abram said tenderly, "he has a wife and several children nearly as old as you."

With a savage clench of her teeth, Gennie gave the kindly officers all the information she possessed, and after a great deal of legal formalities the government overlooked what had been a crime, although an unconscious one. Perhaps it would have been almost impossible for the girl to have endured all the trouble, had it not been for Abram, and when she became his wife the following year, it was a free heart she gave him. One woman has learned her lesson, and until her death, Gennie Hoover will never put any trust in a hero of romance.

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The Costliest Canes.

"A single joint malacca cane will always fetch from \$400 to \$500," said a dealer.

"Why?"

"Because malacca hardly ever grows with enough space between the joints to make a single joint stick. Usually the joints are not more than a foot apart. When you find in Singapore—that is where malacca comes from—a piece of malacca with the joints five feet apart, so that it will make a single-joint stick, come to me, and I will give you \$500 for it."

"Malacca sticks with the joints three feet apart are worth \$30 to \$40. Snakewood sticks, if they are marked well—snakewood comes from British Guiana—are worth \$40 or \$50. A yellow ebony stick—ebony comes to us in logs from Ceylon and Mauritius—is worth \$20 or \$25."

Wanghee, from China, makes an excellent and costly stick—a perfect wanghee is worth \$20.

"Some men carry canes of rhinoceros horn. These cost from \$100 apiece on up."

"The wood for canes comes to us from all parts of the world. Scented cherry comes from Austria. Myrtle, olive, and orange come from Algiers. Bamboo comes from Singapore. Rattan comes from Singapore. One-gone comes from Mauritius—Exchange."

Sanitary Construction.

Sanitary construction is the basis on which all good construction rests. The house must be built with due regard to sanitary requirements and conditions or it will be completely unfit for occupancy. Some conditions to building are so essential as to be axiomatic. Thus brick, though unavoidably porous, should be as free from porosity as possible; the wood should be well seasoned and sound; the plaster and wall coverings should be impermeable. Even quite modest house buildings are an expensive undertaking, and the best possible materials should always be used. These not only have greater durability than materials of lesser grade, but their superior properties render the dwelling much more fit for habitation. There is no greater crime in building than to build "cheap."

The great problem of sanitary construction is the exclusion of damp. It is the most serious natural force the house builder has to contend against, because it is always present. Most of his materials are porous, both brick and stone, and many woods, and he cannot build well unless he fights this enemy of houses at every point—American Home and Garden.

Queen With Few Gems.

The new Queen of Norway is not very well equipped with jewels—that is, for a Queen. As the youngest of three sisters, her share of pretty things was naturally smaller than those of the other two. The most imposing ornament of which she can boast is a diamond necklace left her by her godmother, the old Duchess of Inverness.

A condition attached to the legacy was that on no account should it pass into her possession until her wedding day. It is said that when at last she was permitted to clasp it about her neck she said coquettishly to her husband that he must not take too much credit to himself as her bridegroom, for she felt she must "make some sacrifice" to gain possession of her godmother's legacy."

The Conservation of Nature's Resources.

Applies as well to our physical state as to material things. C. J. Budlong, Washington, R. I., realized his condition and took warning before it was too late. He says: "I suffered severely from kidney trouble, the disease being hereditary in our family. I have taken four bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills, and now consider myself thoroughly cured. This should be a warning to all not to neglect taking Foley's Kidney Remedy until it is too late." F. A. Morris.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Dose: 1—Regulate. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

Business stationery—Dispatch office.

## This Singer Was Horses.

The first act of "Goettedaemmerung" was on at the Academy of Music. From afar came the voice of Siegfried as he approached the hall of the Nibelungs. Wagner's music was being impressively rendered under the baton of Herz, and the audience was charmed.

Siegfried entered, leading his horse. The animal looked inquiringly at Herz's stick. There was a blare of brass, and he turned his ears and eyes in that direction. The enormous tone of the strings next attracted him. He seemed interested. Bang! boom! rumbled the drums, and the horse cocked his head to the left.

Suddenly he heard a voice in his ear. Standing at his head Siegfried began to sing. From that time the horse paid strict attention to his master.

"Niche Land noch Lente liet ich. Noch Vater's Haus und Hof; Einzig erbt ich—"

sang Siegfried. The horse thought it was his cue. Proudly raising his head, he neighed lustily.

There was a snicker through the house, and even Burrian repressed a laugh with an effort. The horse was delighted with the hit he had made.

"den eignen Leib; Lebend zehr' ich den auf—"

continued Burrian. Again the horse turned it into a duet, and the smile on the audience broadened in to an audible chuckle.

Dippel, who was standing just inside section E door, fled to the manager's office.

"Everything all right?" asked Max Hirsch.

"Splendid," replied the impresario grimly. "The horse is in excellent voice tonight." Philadelphia Times.

## Her Little Scheme.

There was a hen Too odd to lay, The farmer men Oft looked her way. She saw them at her silly winking And so began to do some thinking.

She knew that she Could hoe no corn, And fricassee Might soon adorn. But boldly she the problem tackled; When others laid, she loudly cackled.

Her little scheme Worked well, indeed, Her owners deem Her worth her feed. About the yard she waxes fatter And still escapes the dreaded platter.

## Do You Get Up

## With a Lame Back?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable. Almost everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root fulfills almost every wish in overcoming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go out through the day, and to get up many times during the night.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Conrad Schaefer will take notice that on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1910, Catherine Schaefer filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Mahoning County, Ohio, being case No. 28549, praying for alimony against the said Conrad Schaefer on the ground of abandonment and gross neglect of duty. Injunction granted preventing said defendant from disposing of real and personal property, as prayed for in said petition. Said case will be for hearing on and after the 13th day of June, A. D. 1910.

CATHERINE SCHAEFER, By J. W. Davis, her attorney.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE. THE ESTATE OF ORION MAHONEY, DECEASED. In the Court of Probate.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified Executor of the estate of Orion Mahoney, late of Mahoning County, O., deceased, by the Probate Court of said county. All persons interested will sever themselves accordingly.

MAY 19, 1910. ORPHA WILMORE, Executor.

—Try the Dispatch, \$1 a year.

## New Summer Waists

If you have not seen these Waists it will be to your interest to do so. A large assortment of waists made in the latest styles and of the best material and trimmed in fine embroidery and laces. In the better waists we have a sample assortment no two alike and at prices that will be a saving to you. Waists range in price from 50c to \$3.50. Get your summer's supply at this store.

Dress Gingham. A good assortment in dress Gingham 10c to 18c yard in plaids, checks, stripes and plain colors.

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General Merchants Phone 13 CANFIELD, O.

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who are trained in this school have modern teaching. We have the best equipped business college in